Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtabd our princelie father Duke of *Yorke*.
War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there,
Inſteed of that, let his ſupplie the roome.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatall skrichowle to
our houſe,
That nothing ſung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake.
War. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.
Say *Clifford*, dooſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſaie.
Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that in the time of death,
He might auoid ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.
George. *Richard* if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with ea-
ger words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. *Clifford* deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whilſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
George. Where is captaine *Margaret* to fence you
now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, ſweare as thou waſt
wont.
Rich. What not an oth? Nay, then *I* know hees dead,
Tis

Tis hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hees dead, and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off and with the iſſuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull king.
From thence ſhall *Warwike* croſſe the ſeas to *France*,
And aske the ladie *Bona* for thy *Queene*,
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe landes togither,
And hauing *France* thy friend thou needſt not dread,
The ſcattered foe that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie to offend thine eares.
Firſt Ile ſee the coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to *France*,
To effect this marriage if it pleaſe my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwike* let it be.
But firſt before we goe, *George* kneele downe.
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*, and girt thee with
the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*.
Warwike as my ſelfe ſhal do & vndo as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tuſh thats a childiſh obſeruation.
Richard be Duke of *Gloſter*. Now to London.